Not only after riches strives Each waking hour, And wins, since fate contrives-

Not only yearns the joys to know, As life goes past, Which wealth and power bestow,

Not only health, wealth, power, and caste Came at a breath: Came at a breath:
Not only these, at last,
But also
Death.
—Hunter MacCulloch, in Cosmopolitan.

SHE MARRIED BOTH.

BY JULIUS WEDERIND.

[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.] Mr. Wilberforce Trott, lawyer, of the firm of Lunkenstein & Trott, was the picture of prosperity and contentment, sitting in his office in the most luxuriously-appointed office building in town. His private office, where we find him, was a poem in hard wood and stucco, but its spic and span cleanliness de-noted its newness. In fact, Mr. Trott had not always occupied quarters like these. Indeed as he sat in his rotary these. Indeed, as he sat in his rotary chair puffing the smoke from a colo rado maduro with a sultanic air of limitless wealth, Mr. Trott's elegant surroundings bore the gloss of a week's existence and not a day more. Not that he watched Alice sweep the office with he wore the new conditions with any her keen eyes and gather in every the less grace on that account, however. Anyone, to have observed him critically, would have acknowledged the aristocratic repose of his regular features and the exquisite taste of his fashionable apparel. But the fact remains that Mr. Trott, a week before, had been a struggling young attorney with an inchoate practice and an unreliable sequence as to meals.

As there are no such things as fairy wands to change hungry lawyers into well-fed barristers, the truth may as well be admitted-Mr. Trott had hit the races. The ten thousand dollar retainer from a delightfully mysterious corporation in the west, which he assured his friends was the basis of his new magnificence, was in reality a winning of that amount on a cluster of horses upon whose combined speed he had made a bet after the manner current among the pool rooms. For all this, Mr. Trott was by no means a "sport." He was unquestionably a young man of talent who would be heard from one of these days, and who knew what it meant to "toil terribly."

The reason that we do not find him at work with his books directly concerns our interest in this lucky youth. For Mr. Trott's thoughts were floating back over five long years of professional vicissitudes, as dreamily as the smoke that curled aloft over his blonde head, until they rested upon a face of dark, healthy beauty, surmounted by curling locks as black as the tender eyes whose depths he had once celebrated in a feeble quatrain with the opinion that they rivaled the glories of a starlit night. He had truly been desperately in love with Alice Monroe, a fact that had been fully appreciated by that dainty little despot, who not only accepted all his attentions in the way of theater tickets, balls and bouquets, but pouted for more. All of these things had been the despair of poor young Mr. Trott, who wondered how he was ever to marry a girl whose trivial expenses per week exceeded his income at the bar per month. To render the situation even more poignant, she repeatedly declared that the man she married would have to have money. In her heartless opinion love in a cottage was unqualified bosh. Often he had exclaimed to the four walls of his

dingy room: "She is vain, flaunting, extravagant, and unworthy an honest fellow's toil." On every fine Sunday afternoon, for her sweet sake, he had hired a yellow cart and a large black horse with a stride like the course of empire, whose tan-colored harness was the swellest thing that graced the Clifton drives on that day. The swellest? Alas, no. There was one rig that excelled that of Mr. Trott, even as the white glory of the diamond excels the dull gray of the topaz. And in that rig sat the bete noir of Mr. Trott-the one being on earth whom he hated with the cheerful, cordial hate of a lover for a rival.

The name of this party was Messerschmidt, a cool, imperturbable gentleman, the unruffled impudence of whose small, steady eyes had taken Mr. Trott's measure on the night that they had first met in Miss Monroe's parlor, and were ever since noting the details of side his office with gentle force, leav-Mr. Trott's suit with a stolid Teutonic ing his mystified partner staring speechamusement that betokened their owner's confidence in his own supremacy. As a rival. Mr. Messerschmidt was, indeed, peculiarly dangerous in the possession of a gigantic soap factory, inherited from a simple-minded parent who would have turned in his grave with astonishment had he seen what his son had done for the old concern since its founder's death, for the plant



TROTT.

had undergone the mysterious process known only to the subtle promoter who capitalizes a small enterprise into a co-

"street." Never in his life had Mr. Trott claimed the society of the capricious Miss Monroe on one of those bright af- and drying her tears. ternoons but what Mr. Messerschmidt could be seen in his gorgeous turnout, riding insolently alongside or else tak-ing the road, in a manner even more insolent, just in front. This gentle-tleman's presence was not only obon them at these times, but he seemed to divine by a diabolical in-stinct just when and where to find them together. If Mr. Trott took Miss Monroe to the theater, the other party invariably had a seat nearby, which he would change for one immediately

next to the couple, and engage them in conversation with a mild, insinuating assurance that used to irritate the young lawyer to the point of insanity. When he took Miss Monroe to the art museum—a favorite ruse of his to get her away from possible intruders—his ubiquitous rival was there also, suave,

calm, sntertaining, agonizing!

As his mind dwelt on these scenes

Mr. Trott's visage lost some of its tranquil contentment on this morning as he sat in the office dreaming of what might have been, for he rather blamed Providence for having failed to place him on the supreme bench at twenty-

Accidentally his eyes rested on the polished oak cover of his typewriter in the corner, and he smiled bitterly at the associations conjured up by that implement of modern correspondence. Well he remembered a certain morn-ing when Miss Monroe took it into her capricious head to visit him at his palatial quarters-as he had represented them to her in order to keep pace with the plutocratic Messerschmidt. As

usual, that worthy was tagging placidly at her side. Mr. Trott shuddered with retrospective horror as he thought of the hideous catastrophe of that visit, and pictured the scene before him. There was Alice, as blooming and richly handsome as a Jacqueminot rose, radithe young lawyer. The complaisant and phlegmatic Messerschmidt nearby wore his usual smile of vacant urbanity, but in his small gray eye shone the shabby detail of the office, from the bare floor to the dilapidated desks, he visibly exulted at the disgust in her countenance. Then she spoke. She had just dropped in to pay her respects as she passed the building. She was delighted to find his quarters so comfortable-looking! Then Messerschmidt sniffed at the atmosphere like a warhorse that scents the aroma of battle afar. Unerringly those little grav eyes fastened upon the cover of Mr. Trott's typewriter.

What make of typewriter do you prefer, Mr. Trott?" asked Mr. Messerhmidt, innocently raising the cover



WHAT MAKE OF TYPEWRITER DO YOU PREFER?"

and disclosing-not a typewriter-but the meager and unsightly remains of some corned beef and cabbage on which Mr. Trott had been dining. That had been five years ago, and

Mr. Trott had not tasted a dish of corned beef and cabbage since. The odor of that barbarous mixture used thereafter to make him both sick at his stomach and sick at heart-he, who

ad once been so fond of it! Messerschmidt married her that fall, but Mr. Trott had never called upor them since the event.

Suddenly he threw his cigar from him and exclaimed: "Hang it! What do I care? I'll hunt her up and call for the sole purpose of showing her that-"

His vehemence came to an abrup stop. He started erect and listened, like a man transfixed, to the sound of a soft, anxious voice in the other office. that was inquiring:

"Is this a lawyer's office?" "Yes, madain," returned Mr. Trott's partner, affably. "What can we do for

"I wish to get a divorce," said a image is evoked, a distant reflex action, voice, more timidly still, and trembling no matter how weak, is exerted upon on the verge of tears. "My husband is

wretch-Mr. Trott interrupted the speech. radiant, precipitate, his voice vibrating with unmistakable joy.

"Alice!" he cried, as he opened the door with a rush. The young lady rose in astonishment

at the floure before her. "Is it possible?" she faltered. He took her hand and drew her in-

lessly at the vacated chair. "What has he been doing to you, Alice?" cried Mr. Trott, holding her

hand and looking as vindictive as a Corsican. "He's been deserting me," she said, with a faint hysterical laugh, but with a relieved look in her eyes, like a hunt-

ed fawn that has found a protector. "What, that harmless-looking moonfaced idiot-" -"Was a horrid, despicable scoun-

drel!" retorted Mrs. Messerschmidt, with appropriate tact. And then while Mr. Trott listenedand held her hund-she poured forth a tale of such heartrending cruelty that

he wept also. "Did you ever hear anything like it, activity, as it were, in all its essential Wilber?" she asked, appealingly, contracting his name as she used to do

when be had pleased her. Mr. Trott replied with an impulsive embrace and unexpected kiss. "But I am Mrs. Messerschmidt!" she

exclaimed, in demure alarm, drawing "That's so!" said Mr. Trott, soberly.

"The disability will have to be removed before a prior courtship can be reinstated-shem! By the way, Alice, have you seen my new typewriter?" capitalizes a small enterprise into a co-lossal one by the hocus-pocus of the chievous grin. "What do you think of

"It doesn't look as palatable as the old one, Wilber," she said, laughing,

"But it isn't nearly as embarrassing," he returned. "Your petition for absolute divorce shall be prepared upon it -without alimony!-for I wouldn't touch a cent of his oleaginous money, confound him!"

"Just as you say, Wilber," she said resignedly, dropping her eyes with

And Mr. Trott's partner in the outer office took his eye from the kevhole and observed contentedly:

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE

A Railroad Engineer Relates His Experience.

The Wonderful Story Told by Fred C Vose and His Mother-in-Law to a Reporter of the Boston Herald— Both Are Restored After Years of Agony,

[From the Boston Herald.] The vast health-giving results already at gibuted by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The names of these people are Fred C. Vose, his wife and his mother-inlaw, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the same household.

To the Herald reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vose

said: "I am 37 years old, and have been railroading for the Fitchburg for 15 years. Since boyhood I have been troubled with a weak stomach. For the past 7 years I have suffered terribly and constantly. My stom-ach would not retain food; my head ached constantly and was so dizzy I could scarcely stand; my eyes were blurred; I had a bad heartburn and my breath was offensive. I had physicians, but they failed to help me had physicians, but they failed to help me. My appetite gave out, and four years ago I developed palpitation of the heart, which seriously affected my breathing. Had terrible pains in my back and had to make water many times a day. I finally developed rheumatic signs and couldn't sleep nights. If I lay down my heart would go pit-a-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all. I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit, when some time in February last, I got a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first box I noticed that the palpitation of my heart, which had that the palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I saw that in go-ing to my home on the hill from the depot. was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had nore breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes | grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved. became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and to-day I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years. I can confidently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent, than any medicine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I am feeling 100 per cent, better in every shape and manner.

The reporter next saw Mrs. Holt, who taid: "I am 57 years old, and for 14 years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous presention, by which my heart trouble was increased so badly that I had to fiedown most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and i had continual and intense pain from the tack of my neck to the end of my backbone. In 14 weeks I spent \$830 for doctor bills and nedicines, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctoring in despair.

in 14 weeks I spent \$3.0 for doctor bills and medicines, but my health continued so missrable that I gave up doctoring in despair. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills ast winter, and the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February, with the result of stopping intirely the pain in the spine and in the region of the liver. My stomach is again aormal, and the palpitation of the heart has troubled me but three times since I commenced the pills."

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specifit for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on resent of twice (50 cents a box or six boxes for the pairs to the property have so the property have so the property haves for the pairs to the party haves for the pairs to the property of the pairs to the property haves for the pairs to the property haves for the pairs to t all dealers, or will be sent post paid on re-reipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the £2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont.

MIND-READING OF THE FUTURE.

Will It Be Possible to Read Thought Through the Eyes? It can be taken as a fact, which the theory of the action of the eye implies, that for each external impression, that is, for each image produced on the retina, the ends of the visual nerves concerned in the conveyance of the impression to the mind must be under a peculiar stress or in a vibratory state.

It now does not seem improbable that when by the power of thought an certain ends of the visual nerves, and, therefore, upon the retina. Will it ever be within human power to analyze the condition of the retina when disturbed by thought or reflex action, by the help of some optical or other means of such sensitiveness, that a clear idea of its state might be gained at any time?

If this were probable, then the prob lem of reading one's thoughts with precision, like the characters of an open book might be much easier to solve than many problems belonging to the domain of positive physical science, in the solution of which many if not the majority of scientific men implicitly believe. Helmholtz has shown that the fundi of the eyes are themselves luminous, and he was able to see in total darkness the movement of his arm by the light of his own

This is one of the most remarkable experiments recorded in the history of science, and probably only a few men could satisfactorily repeat it, for it is very likely that the luminosity of the eves is associated with uncommon activity of the brain and great imaginative powers. It is fluorescence of brain essence. - Scientific American.

"Sweet Sixteen."

The beautiful calendars sent out by . I. Hood & Co., of Lowell, Mass., have attracted much attention in all parts of the country. The calendar bears the head of a lovely girl, "sweet sixteen," lithographed in delicate colors. Over eight millions of these calendars were made. C. I. Hood & Co., as is well known, are the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is everywhere a household word on account of the wonderful cures that have been effected by means of this great blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla is made in a building which is the largest in the world devoted to the business of making a medicine, and this great industry has been built up within a few years by the absolute merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

-Washington Pudding: One and one-half cups sugar, two tablespoon fuls butter, four eggs, eight tablespoon fuls sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, two cups four. Bake in four tins; put fruit between; eat with cream.-Farm, Field

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Wife-"What are you coming home at this time in the morning for?" Hus-band-"Bre'kfush."-Detroit Tribune. -"Why did Ethel Robinson marry Harold Smithers, I wonder?" "She admired his monogram. It looks so like the dollar sign.—Harper's Bazar.
—May—"They say Miss Stepley, of
Chicago, gives a great deal to the
poor." Bell—"What does she give?"
May—"Her old shoes."—N. Y. Herald.

—She—"I must ask you to release me from our engagement. Papa has failed——" He—"O, that's all right. I am the man who won all his money."

-Indianapolis Journal. -Two of a Kind.-Mistress-"Bridget, I don't want you to go out this evening." Maid-"Nather do Pathrick, mem; he's coming to say me, mem."-Detroit Free Press.

-Too True First Girl-"Chaperones are more averse to engagements than any one else, don't you think so?" Second Girl-"No; according to my observations men are."-Truth. -Hicks-"What a curious acting chap Aberrate is! Sometimes I think his mind cannot be right." Wicks-'Don't you think it too bad to blame it

on his mind?"-Boston Transcript. -"I suppose you have been shopping all day again," said Mr. Snaggs to his wife at the supper table. "And I sup-pose you have been bucket-shopping retorted she. - Pittsburgh Chronicle.

-Merchant-"I believe we ought to get more than fifty cents a yard for that goods —" Shrewd Clerk-"There's just one way to do it."
"How?" "Cut it up in fragments and sell it on the remnant counter."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

-Worse Yet.-Bill the Bombthrower (waiting for the group to assemble)-"There won't be many of us here to-night. It's rainin' pitchforks." Dynamite Dick-"Rainin' pitchforks? Great Scott! It's rainin' soapsuds!"-Chicago

-"No," said Mrs. Blivens, in reply to her little daughter's beseeching for a little sister: 'no, we can't afford a new baby." "But," persisted the child. "won't the doctor make a reduction if you take twins?"-Pittsburgh Chron-

-- Longwed (meditatively) -- "The man who refuses to take no for an answer may be blooming bright or he may be a blanked chump." Neybor-"Speak-ing from personal experience?" Longwed-"Er-I was just thinking of my numerous proposals to Mrs. Longwed." - Buffalo Courier.

-"Fangle-"Young Barlow has se-lected his vocation." Cumso-"What is his choice?" Fangle-"He has decided to become a poet." Cumso-"Nonsense! What qualifications has he?" Fangle-"He has one very important qualification." Cumso—"Name it." Fangle—"An assured income."—

Harper's Bazar. -"What do you think of this socialistic idea that people should receive pay in proportion to the effort they put forth?" "It's utterly impression! "It's utterly impracticable. Why, under such a rule, that girl next door who is trying to be a soprano singer would be entitled to about \$1,000 a day."-Indianapolis Journal.

-Tommy--"I guess you'd better clean the spots off my Sunday suit to-day?" Mamma-"Why, dear?" "'Cause Rob-bie Jones' mother is going to give a big party to-night." Mamma-"Well, it's only for ladies and gentlemen." know; but she always invites her Sunday-school class in to eat up the scraps."-Inter Ocean.

SHE KEPT A VARIED SUPPLY.

No Need for Him to Go to a Drug Store for Polson. At eight o'clock the other evening a bareheaded plainly-dressed woman about forty-five years of age walked into a Grand River avenue drug store and asked:

"Has a man been in here within an hour and asked for poison?" "No. ma'am," was the reply.

"Rather small man, with a red goatee and freckled face?" "I don't remember any such man." "Got a squeaky voice, and he'd tell you that he was tired of life and longed

for rest?" "No; no such man has been in here. ma'am.

"Well, he may come. It's my husband. Every week or two he tries to bluff me, and when he finds he can't do it he threatens to poison himself. He went away this morning saying I would never see him again, and that I would read of his death in the evening papers."

"You'll know him the minute he walks in. He'll ask you for arsenicten cents' worth of arsenic."

'Yes'm.' "He'll begin to blow about me while you are putting it up, saying as how I make life miserable and full of woe, and that he has decided to die." "Yes'm."

"Then he'll begin to shed tears and claw off and say perhaps he'd better make one more effort to live with me. and the result will be that he'll walk out and leave you ten cents out of pocket."

"I see. I'll be on watch for him." "Yes, you'd better. He's played that trick on every druggist within a mile of here. I keep laudanum and rough on rats and strychnine in the house all the time, besides three or four ropes stout enough for him to hang himself, and there's no earthly need of his beating a drug store. He just does it to get sympathy and have a chance to say that I bought four ten-cent novels in one week." "I see."

"If he comes, just grab him, turn him around and lift him outdoors, and I'll be very much obliged to you, and it may help to make a better man of him. Good evening."-Detroit Free

Suspended Payment.

The bullying manner sometimes assumed by certain barristers in crossexamination, in order to confuse a witness and make his replies to important questions hesitating and contradictory. is notorious, and many are the tales told of "cute" witnesses who have turned the tables on their persecutors. The following relates to a case of this kind:

In a civil action in money matters the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfactory. In cross-examination he was asked if he had ever been bankrupt.

"No," was the answer. Next question was: "Now, be careful; did you ever stop payment?" 'Yes," was the reply. "Ah." exclaimed the counsel, "I

thought we should get you at last. When did that happen?"
"After I paid all I owid," was the
answer, -- Green Bag-



URING hard times consumers cannot afford to experiment with inferior, cheap brands of baking powder. It is NOW that the great strength and purity of the ROYAL stand out as a friend in need to those who desire to practise Econ-

omy in the Kitchen. Each spoonful does its perfect work. Its increasing sale bears witness that it is a necessity to the prudent-it goes further.

N. B. Grocers say that every dollar invested in Royal Baking Powder is worth a dollar the world over, that it does not consume their capital in dead stock, because it is the great favorite, and sells through all times and seasons.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK,

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

INDIA has fifty million Mohammedans-a larger number than are found in the Turkish empire. A CHAIN of missions has been estab-

lished across Central Africa from ocean to ocean in eighteen years. THE mission presses in the Turkish empire print about forty million pages annually, and over one-half of these

pages are God's word. LUTHER's catechism has been translated into the Japanese language. The work was done by Revs. Sherer and Perry, missionaries to Japan. THE Chinese Y. M. C. A. at San Fran-

cisco contributed forty-two thousand dollars to Canton, China, to assist in the evangelization of their countrymen.

THERE are still, it is estimated, eight hundred million in the world to whom Christ is not yet preached. The total population is about one billion four hundred million.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

Grandma-"Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry?" Bobby-"Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, granma "-Tid-Rits.

it said that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and cook says she has lived out all her life."-Harper's

Young People. Miss Remsen-"Oh, Mr. Brusher, that is exquisite. I wonder why we didn't society people's names he wants to print. find it at the exhibition? high and low for it." Mr. Brusher (blushing)-"That explains it. Miss Remsen; you see, it was hung on the line."-Brooklyn Life.

NOTABLES OF EUROPE.

DR. RUSSELL REYNOLDS has succeeded Sir Ardrew Clark as president of the Royal college of physicians.

> THE MARKETS. NEW YORK, Jan. 29, 1894

CHICAGO. 13 121e 13 17:

CATTLE—Shipping
HOGS—Fair to Choice
SHEEP—Fair to Choice
FLOUR—WinterPatents WHEAT-No. 2 Spring Patents.
WHEAT-No. 2 Spring No. 2 Red.
CORN-No. 2
OATS-No. 2
PORK-Mess (new) KANSAS CITY. KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers. 4 90 % 4 25

HOGS—All Grades. 5 00 % 5 45

WHEAT—No. 2 Red. 65 544

OATS—No. 2 512% 29

CORN—No. 2 65 3146 NEW ORLEANS. FLOUR—High Grade CORN—No. 2 OATS—Western HAY—Choice PORK—New Mess

BACON -Sides. COTTON-Middling 73.06 CINCINNATL WHEAT-No. 2 Red, CORN-No. 2 Mixed, OATS-No. 2 Mixed PORE-New Mess. BACON-Clear Rib.

Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right-full of im-

purities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter,

cleanse the blood thoroughly and give a clear and rosy com-

Chas. Heaton, 73 Laurel St., Phila., nays:—"I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well and feel like running a foot race, all from the use of S. S. S.

Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases malled free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO, Atlanta, Ga

plexion. It is most effectual, and entirely harmless.

cooking-school for two winters."-Judge.

Sir George Lewis, the famous London lawyer, it has been said, knews enough to hang half a dozen of the biggest men in the city. He said the other day: "I have not kept a diary for over twenty years. When I found that my business was becoming so confidential I determined that I would never the control of the transfer of the complaints. chronicle another thing; so when I die the confidence of London society will

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put to-gether, and until the last few years was sup posed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proved catarril to be a constitutional disease and ma."—Tid-Bits.

Tragic Fate.—"Have you heard of the sad fate of Novelist Tajetti? He committed suicide from jealousy because the heroine of his latest story married another man."—Fliegende Blatter.

JENNY—"Papa, cook must be very good." Papa—"Why, my dear?" Jenny me with the sad fee circulars and testimonials.

"Because, in my lesson last Sunday it said that the wicked shall not live Hall's Family Pills, 25 certs."

"Tid-Bits.—"Have you heard of therefore requires constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutiona

Hall's Family Pills, 25 certs. to order a pound of hyphens right away," said the foreman of the composing room to the clerk, "Why?" "The editor has a lot of

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative and fevers is to use the liquid laxativ remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the sy-tem needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the tur-remedy manufactured by the California Fi For sale by all druggists

Althoron fully as sensitive to pain as other people, it is a fact that the deaf and dumb man is happiest when he is mute-elated.—Buffaro Courier.

Be sung to read advertisement of Plant

MANY a tramp who has asked only for nickels and dimes has found himself sup-nied with quarters—at the workhouse.— Buffalo Courier.

"I declare! Louisa is a perfect marvel."

"Tell me how you discovered it."

"She makes the loveliest bread i ever tasted."

"There's nothing marvelous about that."

"I don't know. Louisa attended a google of two wingschool for two winter."

"I don't know. Louisa attended a google of two winter."

"I don't know. Louisa attended a google of two winter."

"I don't know. Louisa attended a google of two winter."

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"I don't know. Louisa attended a google of two winter."

"I'll Live as Long as I Can,"

Fess without Feathers — Tm onto your little game I said the indignant guest, sond-ing back the English sparrows the waiter and brought him for reed birds — Chicago

THERE IS NO MORE effectual remedy for Coughs Cools, etc., that Brown's linest-chial Thomas, Sold only in Boxes.

"Turne's one thing I didn't like about the circus, said grandma, "and that was the man that twisted nimself all out of shape.—I neverall admire these extertionists."—At-lanta Constitution.

LIEF Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale s Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Tur child that is spelled by harshness is never mentioned as a "spoiled could;" but this does not prevent him from being one.

AS A CLEANSER

of the blood, nothing sweeps as clean as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It attacks all scrofulous, skin and scalp diseases in the right way—by purifying the blood. Scrofula in all its various forms, Lezema Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Holls, Car-buncies, Enlargei Glands, Tumors and Swell-ings, and every kindred allment, are per-fectly and permanently cured by it.

PIERCE ".... CURE.

Dr. Pirnce: Dear Nr-I write in regard o your Freat Gordon fedical Discovery, I



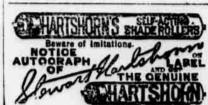
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